

The

# JEWISH MONITOR

DR. GEORGE FOX, EDITOR

The LEADING JEWISH JOURNAL OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST



VOL. X. NO. 16.

FORT WORTH-DALLAS, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1921.

Price 5 Cents.

It was during the midwinter holidays that Abie Landsberg made one of his rare trips to that section of New York which is at once the delight and despair of the woman shopper. Abie had no money to spend, and the great windows held little to tempt the envy of a 13-year-old school boy with simple tastes. Although his rather stolid face brightened when he happened upon a display of sporting goods. There were basket balls and sweaters and fencing foils; a bob-sled, too, with shining runners. But the thing that held Abie's eye the longest was a pair of boxing gloves. Abie already belonged to the Champion Boxing Club, whose youthful members, chiefly from Avenue A, daily dreamed of conquests over the young gentlemen whom they disdainfully termed the "Rivington Street Bunch." The club held a pair of tattered gloves in common. Abie resolved that as soon as he left school, and started earning money like his 17-year-old brother Isadore, he'd buy these beautiful gloves and present them to the club. He'd tell the president, Hyman Finkelman, to make the presentation speech for him. Hyman loved debating better than boxing; while Abie already realized that he was nimbler with his fists than with his tongue.

A glance at the clock in a nearby tower reminded Abe that his brother Isadore had invited him to come down for lunch. He tore his eyes from the window and went day-dreaming toward the great wholesale clothing manufacturer where Isadore held the position of office boy. Abie secretly despised his brother, who was slight and undersized and went to night school without parental compulsion. But today, in spite of himself, he felt a little awed to see a son of the house of Landsberg seated behind a high desk, answering the telephone, directing customers, nodding familiarly to the elegant personages who passed into the inner offices. Abe suddenly decided that if he failed to become a world champion he might consider the position of office boy.

He continued to admire his brother's man-of-the-world air as Isadore guided him through the mazy aisles of a nearby "Child's," glanced over the bill of fare and ordered lunch. "Beef stew or fish?" he asked, just as grandly as though he wasn't in the habit of bringing several sandwiches every noon wrapped in a newspaper. "Fish," answered Abie. "I thought maybe the meal wouldn't be kosher here," he added in a discreetly lowered tone as the waiter moved away.

Isadore laughed. "What of it? Now you don't need to go squealing on me at home, kid; but I eat what

and where I like. It's different for old timers like pa and ma. But young fellows like us have to be like the rest of the world or we'll get left."

"You mean we mustn't eat kosher and be Jews any more?" faltered Abie.

"No, I don't." Isadore was anxious that his sharp-witted younger brother should not learn his lesson too thoroughly. "I think a lot of that old-fashioned stuff is going out of style. It was different in the old country when we had to keep by ourselves and the goyim were always landing on us. But in America a Jew's as good as anybody. All we have to do is to be like other people and behave ourselves and we can go as far as we like." He reached for his platter of steaming stew, the meat so scantily distributed through the potatoes that he was almost ready to declare the dish as kosher as his brother's choice. "Now get busy, kid, 'cause I want to take you for a walk before I go back to the office."

The walk led them to an imposing building with a great tiled entrance, the plate doors guarded by a negro in livery. "Know where we are?" asked Isadore.

"No."

"Well, kid, this is the National Athletic Club. Guess you've heard of it."

"I guess I have." Abie's eyes sparkled. "The boxing teacher at the Settlement told us fellows about a bout they had there. They gave away gold cups and watches and everything. You bet when I grow up I'm going to belong there."

"I bet you won't." There was a bitter look about Isadore's boyish mouth as they turned back toward the office.

"You mean you got to be rich?"

"They turned down the boss. I heard some of the traveling men talking about it."

"But he's rich, ain't he?"

"Of course," impatiently. "But he won't get in any more than you could. They won't take Jews."

"Why?"

"Ask the fellows who run the club. Isadore's voice was savage. "They just got a rule they won't take in Jews, and that's all there is about it."

## ABIE KNOCKS 'EM OUT

A Modern Story.

By Elma Ehrlich Levinger

Guess they think they're too good to associate with common folks like Jews."

Abie's cheeks flushed with shame, although he didn't know why. "I thought you said in America it was different," he stammered. "You said if Jews behaved themselves they could do anything."

"Well," dryly, "they're exceptions. And now what do you want to do before we go back to the office?"

"Aw, I don't care."

The boy's tone was strangely listless, and Isadore gave him a quick glance. "What's the matter? I thought you'd like to brag to the fellows at your boxing club that you've seen the pace. And now you're all down in the mouth over nothing."

"It ain't nothing." Abie's voice was hot with anger. "You know I've been with Jews all my life, and we're one just as good as another. I didn't think when I grew up and got out—it would be like that."

"It's going to be. Things are much better in America than pa had it, but we ain't got everything yet. It takes time."

"Will we ever get a square deal?"

"I think so, but it takes a long time."

"But how?" Abie's voice was impatient.

"I think," answered Isadore, choosing his words carefully, for he had not thought over the matter very much; "I think that we will have to force everybody to respect us. We will have to be somebody—get educated and get good manners. And all that. I'm going to night school now and learning all I can. Maybe some day I can work my way through college. But it's more than education, Abie." He stopped and looked earnestly into the younger boy's face.

"You mean about the respecting?"

"Yes. Over in the old country, and a long time before that, we had to be afraid. People were mean to us—we didn't know our lives were our own. Some of us haven't got over that yet. We're afraid of the goyim. But we shouldn't be. We ought to stand right up to them and show 'em we think we're just as good as they are."

"You're right! But if you could

only box, Isadore, maybe you could knock down a few fresh guys and show 'em." His voice was regretful as he realized his champion's deficiencies.

But Isadore laughed. "You can't fight people into liking you, kid. Just show 'em you're not afraid—and that you respect yourself. And you'll knock 'em out every time."

That was ten years ago. Isadore lies somewhere over in France, after paying his share to free his people with the rest of the world. And Abie, middleweight champion of his training camp, now sits behind a desk all day and spends his evenings at a Y. M. H. A. Chiefly in the gymnasium, but sometimes in the library, where he tries to enjoy the books Isadore so dearly loved.

"Izzy would have shown 'em if he'd had time," he often murmurs regretfully, never realizing that he, too, has done a little to bring about the fellowship of which his brother dreamed.

For just a little while ago Abie was invited to a boxing meet at the National Athletic Club, the very club where he had stood with Isadore and learned a little of un-American prejudice even in America. And Abie had remembered.

He went to represent his "Y," went to meet representatives from the leading athletic clubs and settlements of the city. As the champion middleweight boxer of the Y. M. H. A.'s, he found himself the only Jew among the contestants. He smiled a little bitterly as he stripped in his dressing room. These aristocrats would allow a Jew to entertain them—just as they allowed a negro lackey to stand before their doors. Both were tolerated as servants.

Two hours later, resting in his dressing room, Abie was called upon to receive his prize, a gold watch suitably inscribed. The boy had worked hard that evening, winning in two bouts. Now he stood trembling in every limb, but less from weariness than excitement.

Through the shifting haze before his eyes he saw his fellow boxers in their regulation trunks, guests of the club in evening dress, a dignified white-haired man holding out his prize. He caught words here and there—"delighted to honor"—"An ex-service man"—masterly exhibition." Then applause and Abie, with a sticky feeling at the pit of his stomach, realized that the time had come.

Curiously enough, he thought of little Hyman of the old boxing club down on Avenue A—good little Hyman whom he hadn't seen for years. It was a pity Hyman, with his love of

(Continued on Page 16).